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## THAT STAND PIPE WATER

The Surface Covered with Dead and Rotten Birds within Four Days after Cleaning.

Our City Fever Ridden—Numbers at Death's Door, with the Seepings of Rottenness and Filth to Drink.

Can Our Drinking Water be Too Pure? It Wouldn't Cost \$25 to Floor the Standpipe Over and Insure It's Absolute Purity. But the Two-for Says, "No, Don't Mention It." Great Jove, Is this a Matter of Indifference? Shouldn't We Get Action, as Prompt as the Spark from the Wire? Surely, the Work will be Done Quickly and Well Done.

The *Republican*, after deriding the *News-Herald* for wanting the standpipe covered, suddenly becomes aware, within the space of a week, that the subject ought to be dropped, and nothing more should be said about it, at all, at all. Whence has this change come over the spirit of their dream? Let's investigate. The conditions are such that the lives and health of thousands in this community are dependent upon the purity of the municipal water supply. We have an open standpipe, into which the water is pumped daily in sufficient quantities to meet the demands upon it. The *News-Herald* has all along insisted that birds were liable to descend into this open standpipe, attracted there by the water, and that once there, few of them could fly directly upward and make their escape, and when once their wearied wings had touched the water, their fate was sealed. There were many who ridiculed our ideas, among them the *Republican*, which was especially glad to wing its keenest shafts of ridicule at us. There were others who thought our reasoning was plausible. Some of our most eminent medical practitioners maintained that the *News-Herald* was right. There came a strong sentiment for a test of the matter. The Board of Health sent away two samples of the water for analysis—one half-gallon taken from the mains before it reached the standpipe, and one from the mains in the city. An eminent chemist made a scientific and thorough test, reporting both samples remarkably pure. In the mean time, Dr. W. W. Shepherd, who had twice found the water remarkably pure, by microscopic examination, made another test and found it in germs of disease. Both these results were, no doubt, perfectly reliable. As we explained last week, there is a part of the time, (when the standpipe is being filled), that we get our supply directly from the pumps at the power house. But, when the pumps are idle, our supply comes from the standpipe.

There has been considerable typhoid fever. We have buried two of our best citizens within a few weeks from its ravages. Typhoid fever is pronounced by the most eminent physicians of Europe and America to be a water disease, that is, one which has its source in impure water. Under these circumstances, it was wise to take every precaution.

The Board of Water Works Trustees determined to clean out the standpipe. This was done during the night time. There was a considerable quantity of mud and lime in the bottom. How many birds may have been entombed in the sediment shoveled out into the darkness, no one can tell. After the mud had been removed, the water was again turned into the standpipe, which was filled as far as the manhole, when the water was again let out. Then, a man went in and scrubbed it.

One of the men who helped, says he saw many dead birds, by the dim light of the lantern inside.

Next morning the *Republican* came out in glaring headlines, crowing like the Democratic rooster in the fall of '92, and exultingly announced that there wasn't a single dead bird in the standpipe. But, it doesn't say so now. Neither does anybody else. There were dead birds there, and plenty of them. There were many of them in all stages of decomposition washed out by the downward rush of water into the mains.

When the screen cover, with meshes half an inch across, was put in place. Tuesday, the workmen who were up there, to use their own words, found the surface of the water "swimming thick with dead birds." They pitched them

out, a hundred or more, to the ground. And God only knows how many more had burst in the hot sun, and gone to the bottom. And all of this, in the short space of four days from the time the standpipe was cleaned.

The editor of this paper visited the place yesterday and saw great numbers of the rotten birds about the base of the standpipe.

There were probably thousands upon thousands of dead birds in the standpipe before it was cleaned.

It is plain why the *Republican* wants the subject dropped. Had its advice been followed, there might have been an epidemic of disease here such as was never known before.

We believe the Board of Trustees, however, are conscientious, sensible, practical men. But, they should have ordered that standpipe floored over, instead of having it covered with a screen with holes in it big enough to run your fingers through. It may be a nuisance, indelicate subject, but when the lives of the people are endangered it is time to call a spade a spade. Birds gather there every evening. They were there last night and night before, after the cover had been put on, there by the tens of thousands. There's a mass of filth around the rim of the standpipe worse than can be found under any chicken roost in the county. These birds scour the country for many miles around. They feed on every thing—rotten filth, typhoid discharges, every thing dangerous. What easier than for them to deposit a few of these germs in the water of the standpipe. Once there, in a few hours they would multiply to millions.

Others may cry hush! But, there is no hush. They may drink that kind of filth, if they want it. But we'll make it an issue from now till dooms day, if necessary, that the purity of that water shall be protected.

The added surface for the birds now makes it more dangerous than ever.

We believe our Water Works Trustees ought to, and, now that they understand the situation, will, floor the standpipe.

While we believe that well water, trickling down through the limestone fissures under our city, with nothing to filter its impurities, is dangerous to health, we believe that our municipal supply, drawn from immense beds of gravel in the Clear Creek Valley, is the purest water in Southern Ohio. But it should be kept free from contamination.

It is proper to add in this connection, that the authorities at once flushed the mains thoroughly after the discovery of dead birds.

The standpipe should be cleaned again, and the mains refushed.

"Stop!" the Two-for says.

No! The people whose lives are in jeopardy have a right to know these things, and they shall know them.

Hon. C. H. Collins, D. J. Flynn, Josiah Stevenson and J. Z. Foulk, the photographers, have triumphed over Brush Creek. They invaded the classic wilds Monday, and secured a lot of splendid views. They had a magnificent day for it, and Mr. Foulk worked hard to secure the best results. There are people in this city who don't know and won't believe what scenic grandeur there is in Highland county until they see those pictures. They should be in every household. We are glad Mr. Foulk has taken so much trouble to secure them, and hope his efforts may be rewarded by substantial tokens of appreciation from those who have an eye for the beautiful.

Rev. Dr. G. H. Dart, as announced last week, has been made Presiding Elder of the Georgetown District, and will remove from our city to Milford, whence he can run down to Cincinnati, and have the benefit of six railroads running into various parts of his district. His administration of church affairs has been very successful here. He is an able divine and successful pastor. Our citizens, regardless of denomination, will miss him greatly. The new pastor, Rev. Heber Ketcham, was once a resident of our city, his father having filled the pulpit of the M. E. Church. Rev. Ketcham is a splendid young man, full of zeal and knowledge. Those who heard his first sermon here on Sunday, were delighted with him. He will find a cordial welcome among the good people of Hillsboro.

An illustrated article on recent development in the art of applying electricity to railroads will appear in an early number of *Harper's Weekly*.

"The Petty Tyrants of America" forms the theme of a remarkably witty and sensible production by Max O'Rell, in the *North American Review* for September. The Humorous Frenchman's strictures on the lack of public spirit in Americans will excite attention.

## POLITICS UP TO DATE.

A New York Lawyer Discusses Mr. Campbell.

Why Should Democrats Expect Victory? The Record of the Party in National and State Affairs.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 7.—A widely known New York lawyer who stopped in Columbus a few days recently, said to me: "In the contemplation of Ohio politics I find a source of never-ending amusement. Your political heavens seem occupied from year to year, so far as the Democrats are concerned, by erratic meteors, strange bodies, which seem to come without reason and to disappear without logic. The re-entrance of Jas. E. Campbell as an active factor in current politics would be confusing to the ordinary understanding if he were viewed in any other light than that of a political skyrocket. He is one of the figurative meteors to which I have referred, and his reappearance can only be explained by the fact that he is a soldier of fortune, a political plunger, who has nothing to lose and everything to gain. He dips into politics with the recklessness and thoughtlessness that marked his performance as a stock speculator in Wall street."

There is a good deal of food for reflection in the foregoing remarks. When you come to analyze the career of ex-Governor Campbell, in an impartial way, you are forced to the conclusion that there is a species of effrontery in his coming before the people of Ohio as a candidate for Governor at this time. He was not a strong and successful executive. His administration of the affairs of the State was not marked by a display of unwonted or of even common business ability. When he left the statehouse the people of Ohio were not plunged into universal regret. They thought that Mr. Campbell had had his day, and that he had failed to make the most of his opportunity and that it was just as well that he should go. However, a man who has seldom failed to bring his own affairs to ruin should not perhaps, be expected to develop remarkable business capacity simply because he happens to be elected Governor of a State.

I recall that during the administration of Mr. Campbell the finances of the State were in a bad way. Expenses for the two years of his administration were \$75,455 more than they were during Governor Foraker's second term, and nearly \$1,000,000 in excess of the expenditures during Governor Foraker's first term. Had it not been for the war tax of \$1,300,000 which was returned to Ohio by the United States government, our treasury would have been bankrupt in the summer of 1890. As it was, the State treasury, during Campbell's administration, ran behind \$300,000 a year, while the charitable and reformatory institutions were ill managed and cost the public \$150,000 in excess of their cost to the State during the Foraker administration. Experienced officers of these institutions were turned out to make places for Mr. Campbell's friends, and all pretence of effort in the direction of increasing the efficiency of these institutions was abandoned. Mr. Campbell was a narrow, partisan Governor, and gave the people of Ohio a narrow, partisan, unbusiness like administration.

These are harsh statements, but they are amply warranted by the facts, and I can hardly understand when ex-Governor Campbell reviews his experience in the statehouse how he can have the assurance to ask the people of Ohio to make him their Governor again.

The Democrats have organized their State committee, and will open their campaign here, and a day or two later, it is announced, there will be a great meeting at Waverly, in Pike county, for the reason that Campbell opened a successful campaign there in 1889. He is apparently depending upon signs and superstitions to help him this year. The Democratic State committee was not organized without trouble and bitter conflict. Before the committee came together Mr. Campbell said to a well known Democrat: "I want Doc Norton for chairman, and propose to turn General Anderson down so hard that he won't get up again very soon." As a matter of fact, Campbell was himself turned down. Brice selected General Anderson for chairman of the committee and refused to consider Campbell's man, Norton, in that connection. Mr. Campbell had nothing to say about the matter. Doc Norton is a free silver man; that is one reason why Brice insisted upon his defeat in the contest for

chairmanship. It has been the undisputed right of the leading candidate on State, national and congressional tickets, for half a century, in this country, to select the man who is to manage the campaign. Mr. Campbell was grievously slighted in this respect. Brice did not consult him, but simply said that Anderson must be chosen. Brice is still thumping the silver Democrats and proposes to keep at it until they recognize the fact that he is absolute master of the party. With Brice in the saddle the old line Democrats have little to expect from their party. He has his own intricate designs and interests to subserve, and the Democratic party is only a stepping stone and a tool for him. He controls the organization absolutely by the power of boodle, and considerations of men and of principles do not enter into his calculations. To the men who have belonged to the Democratic party for years, worked faithfully in its ranks because they believed in its principles, the spectacle of that party controlled and dominated by a Wall street speculator, whose only interest in it is a selfish one, must be humiliating in the extreme.

In considering State affairs I can find nothing which would attract the impartial voter to the Democratic party this fall. Turning to the field of national politics and federal affairs, I can see no reason there why the Democratic party should be entitled to a vote of confidence. It has done nothing to strengthen itself in the eyes of the country since its overwhelming defeat at the polls last fall. It has shown no signs of reform and given no promise of reform. It has developed no new character or ability in national affairs. Its management of finances grows more alarming as the days go by. The more the situation is examined the feebler and less worthy the administration of President Cleveland appears. The national debt, which for 30 years was steadily reduced under Republican administrations, has increased under this Democratic administration more than \$300,000,000. This has been caused by the falling revenue which followed Democratic success in 1892, by disastrous tinkering with the tariff by the Fifty-third congress, by the failure of the Gorman bill to provide sufficient income to meet the running expenses of the government. To hide this uncomfortable state of affairs treasury statements have been daily manipulated so as to deceive the public. This practice can be continued but a short time however. Appropriations to the amount of millions of dollars have been and are being held back so as to give the receipts a chance to accumulate.

The Democratic party has always been impotent as an executive party, and it seems to have no real function or excuse for being, save that of acting as a critic and check upon the progressive, able and masterful Republican party. The failure of the Democratic administration to deal in a strong and patriotic way with national and international questions, and Governor Campbell's indifferent success as the administrator of public affairs of this State will become clearer to the people as the campaign progresses, and it seems to me as if he is possessed of sensibility and a sense of consistency he will find his position an untenable one.

MINTON.

Interesting Letter.

Our colored readers will be interested in the following letter from Capt. Cook, of the 5th Regt., who was one of the most gallant officers that ever wore the blue:

CANTON, O., August 27, '95.

MR. THOS. J. HUKLEY—Your letter just received. I fully appreciate the kind sentiment you express, and nothing can give me greater pleasure than to meet the comrades of the gallant old 5th Regt., and more particularly, those of Co. G. But I am forced to forego that great pleasure, as it is not possible for me to attend the Encampment of the G. A. R. I often think of the glorious old fellows who were with me in the stirring events of the war, who stormed the heights at Petersburg and went through the hotly contested siege, and were in that terrible battle of Sept. 29, at New Market Heights, then through Carolina to the end of the war. Oh, those old days! What memories, what recollections, very sad and glorious they call up! I wish that I could meet with you once again. But my success in life has been very meagre and I am not financially able to make the trip.

All through my life I have been more generous than just to others, and very much of my earnings have gone to help the poor and needy, so that now when I am becoming disabled by age, I am left without any income, and must tread the silent way that is left me in solitude.

Remember me kindly to the "old boys." And tell them that Company G headquarters are yet open to all of them who can come this way.

With kindest regards, I am very truly,

Geo. B. COCK.

The standpipe and mains are to be cleaned again today. All honor to the Water Works Trustees for their prompt action.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Grange Blossoms.

Our people will be interested in the following concerning a popular Hillsboro boy, son of R. Crocen, we clip from the Mound City, Mo., *Times*:

A social event of more than ordinary importance occurred Wednesday evening, August 28th, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, in this city. It was the marriage of her daughter, Lizzie S. Mitchell to Prof. John U. Crocen, of Maitland, Mo. The contracting parties are well and favorably known to our people. Prof. Crocen ranks among the very best teachers in our State in the public schools, and now holds a life certificate from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was recently made an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Maitland, where he superintends the public schools again the coming school year.

Miss Lizzie Mitchell is held in high esteem by our people because of her many graces and womanly virtues. She is a teacher of instrumental music and will be missed from her place as organist of the Presbyterian Church, teacher in its Sabbath School and one of its most active members in all good work. She is highly commended to those with whom she may hereafter become associated.

They are two of our best young people and have before them a bright future. May they enjoy it to its fullest extent is the wish of all.

The spacious residence was most extravagantly decorated with flowers and plants, and the ceremony by Dr. J. M. Wright, of the Presbyterian Church, of this city, was beautiful and unique. It was what is known as the ring ceremony, and is considered by those present as one of the finest they ever witnessed. Congratulations, beautiful presents and a bountiful supper followed. As has already been intimated they will make their home in Maitland.

### Child Wanted.

A very interesting case was up for hearing in the Probate Court yesterday. As near as we can glean the particulars are these. Walter C. Mills and Mrs. C. V. Achor, were once man and wife. Mills went to South America and took their little daughter with him.

During his absence, over a year ago, his wife procured a divorce, and subsequently married Mr. Achor. Their home is in this city. Mills returned to his home in Montgomery county, and also married again. A few weeks ago Mrs. Achor went over there, and came back with the little child, now five years old. Mills came here and demanded the child, but went back without it. Now he appears in the Probate Court asking a writ of habeas corpus, and claiming that Mrs. Achor stole the child. This she denies, and her attorney, George L. Garret produces a court decree giving her custody of the child. Mill's attorneys Hayes & Swain, of Wilmington, claim that the newspaper publication giving pending the divorce case was not sufficient as to the custody of the child. Judge Wilson postponed the hearing of the case for ten days.

### Suicide.

Wm. Wilson, whose home was near Folsom, about five miles southeast of this city, has not been living on the most pleasant terms with his family, which consisted of his wife, two sons, Burt and James, and two or three daughters. However, he seemed as cheerful as usual when he arose from breakfast, Tuesday morning, and went out to the barn. When the boys came home at noon, they asked where their father was, and the mother said he had gone out to look after the stock. The boys ate dinner and went out to look for their father. They found him in the barn hanging from a rafter. He had made a noose of an old hitching strap which he placed over his head and fastened to the beam above. His feet and legs were bent under him on the floor, showing that he had deliberately got down on his knees to choke himself. Coroner Rues was called and rendered a verdict of suicide.

Wm. Wilson has been a figure on our streets for years. He never was very bright, and peddled apples, fruits, melons, &c., in season.

The *News-Herald* was right in its reasoning about birds in the standpipe. And it's right about flooring it over.

### Death of Thos. J. North.

Thomas North died last Wednesday morning after a lingering illness from typhoid fever. The funeral took place from the Methodist Church, Friday afternoon, under the auspices of the G. A. R. Rev. G. H. Dart officiated. The Hillsboro Military Band led the procession to Oaklawn Cemetery.

Thos. J. North was born in Danville, Boyle County, Kentucky, on the first day of October, 1837. Came with his father and mother to Hillsboro, Ohio. During the earlier years of his life he learned the smithing business. Brother North was an artist in his line. No piece of gun work was too intricate for his skillful hand to thoroughly repair. He enlisted under the command of Captain John L. Stoughton of Company F, 87th O. V. I., on the 10th day of June 1862, for three months. Was discharged on October 1, 1862, at Delaware, Ohio, by expiration of term of service, having been taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, Va., and was, at the time of his discharge, a prisoner of war on parole.

On July 1, 1863, he was enlisted in the command of Capt. Peter Van Winkle, in the 11th Ohio Cavalry, for three years or during the war. Having served nearly his full three years, he was discharged at Fort Lawrence, Dakota Territory, on June 4, 1865.

On his last discharge, objections were made to his being re-enlisted, showing that he was disabled while in the service. One of the parties who helped prepare this notice, first became acquainted with comrade North while serving with him during his last enlistment, and during all his last service. He was one of nature's noblemen. Always kind, unassuming and gentle, with a very delicate organization, easily excited, and when so, instead of giving vent to angry expressions, would quietly go away by himself, until the feeling was allayed, and at no time, or under any circumstances, was ever known to be other than true to the old flag. He never feared to go where the stars and stripes were held aloft, or if traitorous hands attempted to pull them down, he was ever ready with his life to maintain the standard. His strict honesty caused him to believe everybody with whom he associated to be the same, and it appears that no amount of deception caused him to lose his faith in an individual. There is no doubt that he did more little "thank you" jobs, than any other man living, or ever did live in Hillsboro. There is no doubt that if all his little credits were paid, his family would now be in affluent circumstances. As a neighbor, he was always kind and friendly. As a husband and father, he was ever ready to meet any and all wants of his family, which he was physically or financially able to meet.

He became prostrated with his last sickness while at his shop and was brought home. He recently joined the M. E. Church, and was baptized by Rev. Dart. He was conscious up to the last moment of his life. During his sickness, his many talks of his hopes in the future and of his trust and faith in Jesus Christ, and his many earnest, audible prayers, one would know that his soul now is with his Heavenly Father. He asked promises from his family to be good children, faithful to God and meet him in heaven. He was greatly concerned about his afflicted wife, and asked that God would protect her and make her burden easy and her life pleasant, and that soon he would meet her where she could see him, and parting would be no more.

Now, after a fitful life of fifty-eight years of labor and pain, he is at rest, a fitting life for many to follow.

W. J. MORGAN,  
J. M. HUGHES,  
H. H. MADDOX,  
Committee

Awarded  
Highest Honors—World's Fair,  
"DR."

PRICE'S  
CREAM  
BAKING  
POWDER  
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.